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THE

PATH

OF

SCREAMS
STAGE II

THE
TAPESTRY OF LIES

nsr shs n

nt' kah
ph s hs v'
v zm z t
hs shs sh^ڻz
^ڻw t kah
en m
s ah r^ڻensh
sr
q h>

(n[^] r)

If and when the
Mists of Ignorance
part for the Magus,
he follows a new fork
in the Path. Deeper in
the darkness, his
groping hands fall
upon new wonders and
his searching eyes
a light on new and
cunning guides. Many
Infernalists stop
short at this point,
either so overwhelmed
by the Cold Thrust or
so dazed by what
they've learned that
they become lost in the
next leg of the
journey.

For the Tapestry
of Lies is well named.
Each weave, every
lesson contains
deceptions that only
time will reveal. A
wise warlock learns to
separate the truths
from the falsehoods,
but many new
diabolists are lured
into complacency,
stagnation and ruin
because they cannot or
will not see through
the illusions.

Purgation

When the new
Infernalist recovers
from his initiation, he
often embarks on a
wild purge. Now
that the worst has
happened, he indulges
the lusts he once
supressed. Generally,
this amounts to a binge
of debauchery, a
careless gallop
through the field of
experience. With new
companions at his side
and fresh vitality in
his veins, the warlock
goes berserk.

Whoring, carousing
and brutality of
inhuman proportions
often result, although
certain academicians
go to the other extreme
and lock themselves in
their archives for
weeks on end. In the
wilderness, where
whores and books are
hard to come by, the
new-Fallen one join
the beasts; tossing
humanity aside, he
strips bare, eats his
meat raw, and
abandons himself to
climates and frenzies
that would kill a

normal man. Through this purgation, the Infernalist celebrates his freedom. This is the first weave of lies: raw sensual rebellion. Some diabolists stop here, pissing their lives way in endless carnal pleasure. But for most, the spree passes quickly. The marvels revealed by the Cold Thrust and Nightmare Dance make mere perversions pale. With Heaven's blinders removed, the Infernalist sees how far he can go if he whants to. Having exercised his new vitality, he moves on to greater things.

Weaving Dark Threads and Fell Designs

As any magus can tell you, Creation is a deep pool, placid on its surface but teeming with secrets underneath. The Infernalist now grasps this truth; if he has any sort of vision or curiosity, he'll whant to know more. Indeed, it's usually the lure of magic that draws people to the darkness in the first place. In most lands, dark Arts are the province of dark powers. Sadly, some people believe that the only way to master them is to join the Evil One. And so, in their ignorance, they do.

Any half-wit can spin up conjurations;

an Infernalist with magick on his mind will inevitably come across tomes of false or misleading lore, delve into esoteric practices, or join some fellowship or other in hopes of learning the "real secrets of magic". This is the second weave of lies: the idea that power can be set down in a book or transferred by following a self-proclaimed leader. Many cultists fall into this trap and remain there for good, vainly hoping for a touch of magick that may never come, or that comes in limited fashion. This misled men and women become the servants to grater, darker masters.

There are two forms of the Art that can be learned this way: lesser sorcery, or demon-born Investiments. Through favors or hard practice, the Infernalist can gain a few odd powers; a lesser magician studies esoterica for years, even decades, before managing to master even a sliver of the Black Arts. Many Fallen Ones aren't so patient: from demonic patrons, they request dark favors that seem powerful unless you compare them to the magesty of True Magick. For their trouble, these Infernalists pile up debts that can only be satisfied by soul-servitude. Thus,

ironically, the
rebel who wanted to
free himself from
God sells that freedom
to a devil.

But some
Infernalists are smart
enough to search for
more. They turn away
from piles of false
gold and go deeper into
the cavern. Dancing
with their nightmares
on end, these rebels
distill the True Art
from the lies, and
come away with the
Nine Keys of
Creation.

In most common
versions of the myth
of Innana and her
veils, there are seven
gates to the
Underworld, seven
veils she surrenders,
and seven keys she
gets in return. A
mystick of the
Infernal Arts knows
the true number is
nine. Those nine veils
represents nine
elements of the Art.
In the process of
learning this Arts,
many initiates
literally reenact the
goddess's journey;
going through a
succession of gates, the
Infernalist is flayed
alive, then given a
token that represents
the Art he is to learn.
Spells regrow the lost
skin but the pain
lingers as the warlock
studies his new Art.
Some Fallen Ones
keep the skins as
trophies of their
learning. A warlock
with nine of his own
skins on display in a
dangerous man indeed!

As any sorcerer
can attest, magic itself

is not evil, it's a reflection of the magician. Since a diabolist is, by definition, someone who chooses malice over virtue, his magic become maleficium - a deliberate injury to Creation. Black magick bubbles up from the worst part of the soul and eats away at the both the magus and his world. In time, the Scourge and Resonance will reflect these injuries. Our Infernalist, if he lives long enough, will become a literal cancer of Creation. In a way that's his goal: to bring on the Reckoning and let Oblivion end the lies of this world.

This is the truth woven amidst the third pattern of lies: That no magick is performed consequences.

Eventually, the Infernalist learns this, and either repents, becomes a willing servant of